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The Week

IN all its more important aspects the Pan-American Conference at Santiago was a dismal failure. The United States flatly refused to discuss incorporating the Monroe Doctrine in a general treaty, and this proposal therefore fell by the wayside, as did the plans for a Pan-American League of Nations and an American international Court of Justice. The negotiations for limitation of naval armament among Argentina, Brazil and Chile collapsed in a quarrel between the two latter, and the policy of the United States in the Caribbean, which is so much resented and feared by Latin America, was not even broached. The chief successes of the conference were a plan for international cooperation in fighting disease, and the provision that a fact-finding commission might be put to work in international disputes. Trade-mark protection was reinforced, and the Latin-American countries agreed to discourage the smuggling of alcoholic liquors into the United States. These are worthy causes, and the results achieved no doubt justify the cost of the conference in time and money. It is nevertheless chilling, if not particularly surprising, to realize that the United States has no intention of being candid with Latin America, nor of yielding for the general good any of the advantages derived from its overwhelming superiority in wealth and strength.

THE beauties of spring, including the general desirability of plenty of birds and flowers, will doubtless be extensively discussed next month. President Harding will make a swing around the circle before he goes to Alaska, speaking to miscellaneous audiences in several cities; but since he will neither defend the world court nor any of the other main policies of the administration, it looks as though he would be forced to come down rather heavily on the desirability of morals, the importance of home life, and the allegation that after all a boy's best friend is his mother. The President is anxious that his tour should not be regarded as the first salvo in the 1924 campaign, but merely as the rendering of accounts by the chief executive to the republic. He might spare himself his pains; for whatever he says will certainly be interpreted in the light of the coming campaign, and all the good intentions in the world cannot prevent it. To omit the world court will have about the same result as though he attacked it, for the country is sure to conclude that he has been bullied into silence by Mr. Munsey and Senator Lodge. Indeed, it seems more than likely that Mr. Harding, harassed by a multitude of conflicting advisors, is seeking a course which will please everybody. If he is, he will undoubtedly encounter the usual fatal results of such a policy.

THE two-party system in politics is no doubt a wonderful political invention; but sometimes it seems a pretty expensive luxury. The New York State Legislature has just adjourned after a session in which the Senate was ruled by the Democrats, the Assembly by the Republicans. The latter gentlemen amused themselves by defeating virtually every important measure on the legislative program of the Democratic governor, "Al" Smith. Of sixty measures, twenty-nine were defeated, including the proposals for an executive budget, a four-year gubernatorial term, local control of public utilities, municipal ownership and operation of subways in New York City, restora-

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tion of the direct primary, improvement of the Workmen's Compensation Act, a 48-hour week for women and minors in industry, state development of water power, boards to fix living wages for women and minors, exemption from state taxation for incomes of $5,000 or less, a declaration that human labor is not a commodity, abolition of the motion picture censorship, and popular initiative for amendments to the state Constitution. The Republican motto appeared to be that if the state is foolish enough to elect a Democratic Senate, it deserves to see all its business come to a halt until, in the next election, it has sense enough to restore the grand old party to complete control. It is a brilliant idea, and does nobody any harm, except all the citizens, all the taxpayers and all persons employed in industry.

REPEAL of the Prohibition Enforcement Act of New York adds a new confusion to a matter hopelessly confused. By the terms of the Prohibition Amendment the duty of enforcement rests upon national and state governments alike. New York decides to have nothing to do with the job, after the federal administration had made its arrangements on the supposition that New York would continue to do its part. Thereupon thousands of persons caught by the New York police and indicted go scot free, if the governor signs the repealing bill, as he is likely to do. The wets will now no doubt concentrate their attention on Congress, and try to kill the federal enforcement law. The South has managed to keep the Negro from voting, in spite of the Constitution. New York and some other states may in the end manage to put the saloon above the Constitution. That is a practical method of amendment, but a disorderly method quite incompatible with the integrity of American institutions.

JINGOISM apparently reaches its supreme heights in the navy. In Great Britain the admiralty has just succeeded in getting $55,000,000 to build a huge naval base at Singapore. This is necessary, says Lieutenant-Colonel L. C. M. S. Amery, in order that Great Britain may have command of all the seas; which is just exactly what she is not supposed to have, under the terms of the Washington treaty. Lieutenant-Colonel Amery deplores the fact that the empire is "helpless and reliant on the good will of a friendly and lately allied power." At the same time he insists that Great Britain does not contemplate danger from or even strained relations with "Japan or any other great power." Any one who can get any sense out of these two statements is subject to congratulations for his perspicacity.

IF the British admiralty appears inclined to violate the spirit of the Washington Conference, the same thing seems to be true of our own naval men. The hysterical alarm they display lest Great Britain should fail to live up to the letter of the agreement, and the widespread publicity they give to their fears, create an atmosphere highly favorable to the development of such international distrust and fear as would make concellation of the treaty almost inevitable. First they told us that Great Britain was not scrapping her ships as she should. When this was proved false, they came forward with the allegation that the gun elevation on British ships had been altered, giving them unfair superiority; and asked and secured an appropriation of $6,500,000 with which to bring our ships up to the new level, before any one found out that the whole allegation was false. The British decision to construct a Singapore base has likewise been followed by loud wails from Washington that the treaty is all up the spout, and perfidious Albion intends once more to rule the waves. On both sides of the Atlantic there are some important gentlemen in blue uniforms who ought to be spanked and put to bed for the general welfare of mankind.

THE French have solved the problem of building big guns that will shoot over a hundred miles. Moreover, they have found how to reduce the wear and tear on the rifling, so that their guns can shoot hundreds of shells instead of the sixty of the late big Berthas. With these guns London could be shelled from Dunkirk. According to General Herr, artillery chief of the French army, these guns may properly be regarded as "political cannon," because they can't discriminate between armed forces and the civil population. But "in the era on which we are entering . . . fighting will not be confined to zones of combat but all the interior populations will be involved and the military forces will be permitted to strike beyond the battle zones, upon the centres of production, railroad stations and factories." The era of warfare upon which we are entering is one of universal massacre, if we are so mad as to enter it. Already military men smile indulgently when civilians quaintly refer to the cruelties of German warmaking. Submarine sinkings, poison gas, bombs from the air—why, those will be the exercises of sham battles, in preparation for the serious business of war.

A FRENCH scientist claims to have discovered "cold light." In this country he will find that Charles Evans Hughes has prior patents.

THE Supreme Court has raised some delicate questions with its decision on the application of the Volstead law at sea. American ships may now carry and serve liquor outside the three-mile limit, but no ships, American or foreign, may bring the accursed stuff within our harbors, not even under

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the thickest of seals and stoutest of locks. Despite the new permission, vessels owned by the Shipping Board will remain dry the world over, and a bill is already being prepared for the attention of the next Congress restoring their aridity to all ships under our flag. England and France are reported as divided between amazement and anger, and the French Minister of Marine, M. Raiberti, is busily searching old law books to see whether he cannot find some obnoxious measure to apply to American ships in French ports by way of reprisal.

INGENIOUS minds are already busy with proposals for circumventing the new ruling. A rush of passengers to Canadian steamship lines is expected and it is thought that ships bound for American ports may stop at Halifax inbound to check their liquor, outbound to pick it up again, as the "bad men" surrendered their revolvers at the door of a Texas dancehall in the old days. It is even suggested that this checking be done at floating warehouses just outside the three-mile limit. Whatever happens, we may be sure that the foreign vessels will not stop calling at our ports; American dollars, plus the money of immigrants headed this way, are the steamship companies' main reliance.

DR. TIKHON, formerly Patriarch of All Russia, is avowedly a Tsarist. His denunciation of the Soviets for destroying the Tsardom, his pleas to the Russian people to overthrow the Bolsheviks and restore the Romanoffs have been published far and wide. Some of them were circulated in this country at the time when interventionist propaganda was active. His unfrocking by the All Russian conclave was a foregone conclusion. The Russian clergy may not like the Bolsheviks, in their hearts, but they cannot afford to be compromised with a cause so utterly lost as Tsardom. If the government brings Dr. Tikhon to trial for counter-revolutionary activities, he will almost certainly be convicted. Technically he is no doubt subject to the death penalty, under Soviet law. But to exact the penalty would be even a greater piece of stupidity than the execution of Mgr. Butchkavitch. Dr. Tikhon, shorn of his official dignities, is simply a helpless old man, well intentioned, but extremely dull witted and tiresome. Alive and at liberty he can do the Soviet government no damage. Dead and a martyr he would become one of its most formidable foes.

FASHIONS in mummies are just as fleeting as fashions in women's dress. A few weeks ago the crown of the fashion was Tutankhamen. Everybody who could visited him; everybody else spent untold hours in reading about him, in trying to pronounce him. Where is he now? The shadows of eternal night again envelop him. Mussolini is now all the rage. Gary visits him; Schwab, Paul Cravath and Mrs. Catt visit him. We have heard a rumor that the Times is negotiating for exclusive news and movie rights in him. O fickle mob!

WADE H. ELLIS, formerly Assistant Attorney General of the United States, urges the South to lead in the fight against radicalism. The South ought to lead, he thinks, because of its racial purity and because of its devotion to the "ark of our covenant," the Constitution—exception made, we assume, of the Fifteenth Amendment. To prepare the South for leadership Mr. Ellis tried to scare it out of a year's growth by horrifying estimates of the strength of the revolutionary movement. As for a program of action, Mr. Ellis seems not to have thought of that. It is not difficult to supply. Every state, South or North, will contribute most effectively to the strengthening of American institutions by putting its own house in order. It will make substantial headway, not by the crude methods of repression, but by rooting out the conditions that make radicalism inevitable. The South has its lynchings and peonage, the North its private gunmen, its industrial slavery, its crises of unemployment to get rid of before either can decently propose to take the post of leadership in the fight against radicalism. And when those evils have been excised there will not be any radicalism left to fight.

AN aeroplane has flown from New York to San Diego in one continuous flight of twenty-seven hours. Beginning this summer the air mail service will attempt a daily transcontinental movement of mail in only a little longer time. No doubt before long twenty-seven hours from coast to coast will seem no more remarkable than does twenty hours from New York to Chicago. Meanwhile Professor Henderson, a physiologist of Yale, declares that automobiles are now sufficiently numerous in the streets of our cities to make carbon monoxide poisoning a real danger to pedestrian and motorist alike. It is a queer sort of civilization that we are shaping for ourselves; and signs are multiplying that it is rapidly becoming too big a problem for our collective intelligence. If we succeed in controlling it safely, it will be because luck does its part.

RAW materials are coming to play an important rôle in politics. The countries which happen to possess the best sources of valuable ores, oil, rubber and other natural products are in a position to tax the rest of the world, through export duties or through government monopolies. Brazil has done this with coffee and Chile with saltpeter. We have recently had a scare over rubber, and are gravely concerned about the future of our petroleum industry when our own wells run dry. International politics, in the new era, is likely to be profoundly affected by this question of raw

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materials. In our own country interstate politics may also be affected. Pennsylvania has a monopoly of anthracite coal and levies a tax on mining it. Minnesota has a law taxing the mining of ore, which has recently been held valid by the Supreme Court. California and Florida may some day levy taxes upon consumers of citrus fruits throughout the country; the Southern states upon consumers of cotton. Fortunately such taxes are usually not practicable. So far as they are employed, they work toward breaking down the economic unity of the nation.

MR. MORGENTHAU thinks that the Chester concession is no better than wild-catting. Economically, it involves building a great many miles of expensive railway through a territory that is sparsely inhabited by people of incredibly low producing and consuming power. Politically it involves confidence in the good faith of the Turks. They feel perfectly free to repudiate the Capitularies and to cancel concessions granted by the old Turkish government to the French and British. What guarantee do they offer that agreements with an American company would be kept? We do not trust the Turks yet. At the same time we do not see that the repudiation of the Capitularies, or of purely political concessions constitutes a proof of Turkish perfidy. Whatever the Capitularies were in the beginning, they have come to represent, in late decades, a mark of inferior international status. Any nation asserting its independence would repudiate them.

France's Pound of Flesh

GERMANY has made her offer, and France has rejected it. That was to be expected. Germany could not have made an offer immediately acceptable to France. France could not have accepted forthwith any offer Germany made. If this were a purely pecuniary transaction, the Germans would at the outset offer too little, and the French would insist on too much. The marketplace would resound with cries of robber and crook. Later the margin would narrow, the cries would lose their edge and an agreement might be reached, with neither side either satisfied or outraged.

Let us examine the German offer, on the assumption that what the French are really after is the money due them on reparations. The Germans argue that they can pay only if they can restore their production. The point is valid. They argue that they cannot restore production until the French get out of the Ruhr. That point also is valid. They insist on an agreement that no further "securities" be seized. That is elementary. Germany can have no international credit so long as a gun is pointed at her productive machine. The Germans insist on the removal of all discriminations against their exports and imports. They are in the right here. They cannot pay unless they can rebuild their trade.

With the political ground thus cleared they propose to raise a foreign loan, by 1927, of twenty billion gold marks, to be paid over in reparations. They propose to make arrangements with German business for the security of this loan. The coal producers, the metallurgical works, the dye manufactories, etc., would be bound by long term contracts to deliver export goods enough to take care of the interest and amortization of the loan. On these terms, granted the political security, it is possible that the Germans might float twenty billion gold marks abroad. The sum is large, but not impossibly large.

They propose a further payment of ten billion marks, to be raised by loans later, as Germany's productive power develops. We think that this sum is inadequate. If Germany is given a chance to recover, she will within five years be able to take care of an obligation of forty billion gold marks. If she could offer thirty billions today, in cash or income earning assets, it would, together with the twelve billions that she has already paid, meet fairly the actual reparations charges, as contemplated in the armistice agreement. But since much of the payment must be deferred, it would be fair to allow for the fact by making the capital sum larger.

The German offer leaves no doubt whatever that an international commission of financial experts could go into Germany today, survey all the resources of credit, public and private, and mobilize them for the benefit of reparations, provided that Germany could be assured her right to live in peace and work herself free. France is offered the best opportunity she is likely ever to get to recover substantial sums from Germany. She rejects the opportunity.

She rejects it because she wishes the state of war now existing in the Ruhr to continue until Germany is completely ruined and disintegrated. She insists on occupying the centre of German industry, under her own strained interpretation of the Treaty of Versailles, until the indemnity has been paid, knowing well that even a moderate indemnity cannot be paid under such conditions. She insists on holding the indemnity at the preposterous figure of thirty-two billion dollars, only to be abated in the measure that England and America cancel their claims on France. The demand that passive resistance cease, that the unlawful penalties inflicted upon Germans for not betraying their own country shall stand, amounts to a demand for unconditional surrender.

France does not want to be paid. She knows the value of gold. But she has a higher value apparently within her reach. It is the pound of flesh, cut off nearest the heart.

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Free Speech in the Colleges

MORE than a year ago a writer in the New Republic described the repressive measures of President Atwood of Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, in his effort to shield the student body from any contact with radical, or even liberal thought. In that article the prediction was made that the struggle at Clark for free speech and free contact with the world of ideas would not result in any dramatic crisis wherein someone would nail his colors to the mast and go down fighting. It was suggested that the sort of pressure President Atwood would apply would little by little create an atmosphere unendurable by men who value intellectual freedom.

That prediction now seems fulfilled. One by one, all those who opposed Atwood's policy have left Clark for other institutions where high value is still placed on teaching which consists of an honest man's trying to tell his students the truth as he sees it. There may be excellent instructors still left at the institution; no outsider should make the cruel generalization that there are not; but it is certainly more than a coincidence that the men who have gone were the ones who had best succeeded in impressing the outside world with their scholarship and intellectual vigor. It would be interesting to know what G. Stanley Hall, former president of Clark, and distinguished psychologist, thinks as he sits in his house, a stone's throw from the campus, and sees the institution to which he devoted a lifetime, thus sadly altered.

The men who have left Clark are probably better off in their new associations; but the way out which they have found is no answer to the real and pressing question of academic freedom in America. While Clark is a striking example, the tendency witnessed there is present in scores of other institutions throughout the country. The Middle and Far West are not exempt; the state institutions are as bad as the privately endowed colleges, or worse; and the high schools are in many cases the most rigidly tyrannical of all.

For the first year or two after the war, we consoled ourselves by saying that the hysterical conservatism of the "authorities" was a left-over from the emotional debauch of 1917-18; but the war is now five years away and the movement is still increasing in violence. While its two most dramatic aspects are the fight against the doctrine of evolution, and the effort to have textbooks in American history kept chemically free from any hint that the founding fathers were other than angels purer than the snow, it also manifests itself in a score of other ways: in social pressure on the family of the college professor who is suspected of holding "advanced views" on political and economic questions; in curtailment of the funds available for laboratory work, or even clerical assistance; in sharply limited library appropriations to prevent the purchase of "dangerous" books; in pressure on the choice of topics for doctors' dissertations in these fields; and, in the larger institutions where careful research by members of the faculty is sometimes undertaken, by a flat refusal to aid such work, or even to permit it except strictly on the instructor's own time—which is usually non-existent.

The tendency to regard the members of the faculty as merely the board of trustees' "hired men" is strikingly evidenced in the new attitude toward termination of tenure. Whereas the old theory was that a college professor was employed for life, subject to reasonable competence and good behavior, today appointments are being made for a limited period of years, in some cases as short a time as a single year. The burden of proof was formerly on the college to show cause for failing to continue a professor in his chair; today, the burden of proof is on the professor to show why he should be retained for another twelve months. Only a few days ago the trustees of a women's medical college in Philadelphia summarily dismissed a physician who had been a member of the faculty many years and curtly refused to explain their action even after more than a score of other members of the faculty had resigned in protest and the entire student body had gone on strike.

It should be obvious that genuine scholarship, careful research and full-spirited teaching are impossible in such an atmosphere as this. The teachers whom the profession most needs will not tolerate such conditions; and it is common knowledge that they are being lured away in increasing numbers into other occupations. The remedy lies partly in an appeal to that force so frequently summoned, so rarely aroused: public opinion. It lies also, however, with the college professors themselves. A problem so pressing and so particularly their own, requires united and vigorous action. An American association of college professors exists; and there are separate bodies in history, sociology, economics and other fields. These organizations can perform no more useful task than to fight vigorously for the academic freedom without which the value of their work is so gravely impaired.

The Pacifists and the Army

ON another page we publish a letter from an army officer protesting against what he considers unfair peace propaganda. At bottom, we are in full sympathy with the peace movement, and so, we take it, is our correspondent. But we do not subscribe to the doctrine that even the noblest ends justify unfair means. If our soldiers were all arrant militarists—which they are not—we should wish to see them treated fairly in argument.

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Our correspondent complains of the way in which the peace propagandists use figures to exhibit the cost of war and armaments. He would admit, we think, that it is desirable for every citizen to have access to such figures, provided that they are accurately compiled and properly used. We may forget many things more deserving of remembrance, but we cannot forget our taxes. If every taxpayer could be made to understand what part of the taxes he pays goes to past wars, he would have a basis for estimating what will happen to his pocketbook in the next war—unless all taxpayers take thought on means for making a next war impossible. It would be a good thing if the Treasury Department were required to print on every tax form the percentage that goes to military expenditures, past and present. Since it does not do so, any private association that circulates the facts is performing a most valuable public service.

The National Council for the Prevention of War has circulated a chart prepared by the Bureau of Efficiency showing that 85.8 cents out of every dollar in the estimated net expenditures of 1924 goes for the cost of past wars and the maintenance of the army and navy. Many military men, and even Secretary Weeks, have charged the National Council with juggling figures to arrive at this result. There is no juggling whatever. With certain qualifications too slight to matter, the figures will stand any expert scrutiny. The conflicting estimate of the Bureau of the Budget is merely evidence of the incompetence of our public bookkeeping.

It is, however, one thing to draw up a chart of expenditures properly and another thing to use it fairly. The National Council's chart may be used fairly as an argument for taking every practicable means to reduce the risk of war. It is pertinent as it stands to the discussion of the League of Nations, the World Court, etc. Is it pertinent to the discussion of current military and naval appropriations? Not without qualifications.

Interest on the war debt, retirement of the debt and pensions make up 65 out of the 85.8 percent. Why should that 65 percent be dragged in as an argument for cutting down the sums allowed to the army and navy for present maintenance? Does any one seriously believe that the army and navy got us into the late war, or the Spanish War, or the Civil War, and so are justly chargeable with the debts created by those wars?

As every student of history knows, it has always been the civil arm of our government that has caught the war spirit first, and has thrust the army, inadequately prepared, into the firing line. Before we entered the Great War, the officers of the army and navy were as a rule so correctly neutral that it was whispered about everywhere that they were pro-German. If during the war and after it there were prophets of hate in the regular army, their voices were thoroughly drowned out by the shrill cries of bloodthirsty civilians. We ought to remind ourselves, in this connection, of the conduct of General Graves and his staff at Vladivostok and of that of our forces of occupation on the Rhine. The situation was delicate in each case, and in each case our officers left nothing but good will behind them. Throughout our history the army has kept itself remarkably clear of intrigues designed to bring on war. We do not know of a single instance of an international complication created by it.

But perhaps the mere fact that we have an army and navy leads our civil authorities to rush into war? No; when we had no navy worth mentioning we adopted a belligerent tone toward England in the Venezuela affair. In the late war it was not our standing army we counted on to reduce Germany to terms, but our unlimited civil man power.

Neither directly nor indirectly can we properly charge up the cost of past wars to the present army and navy. That cost is not pertinent to the question of what we ought to spend on those arms of the service. What we spend on them is a little over twenty percent of our taxation revenue. Is that too much? Many will maintain that it is. Some will maintain that we ought to abolish army and navy altogether and trust to our good behavior and the good will of other nations to defend us.

The New Republic looks forward to a time when armies and navies will be unnecessary. But we live in the present, and see with our own eyes what happens to the defenceless, in Armenia, Egypt, Morocco, Bulgaria, Austria, Germany. We think it wise to keep arms handy, not too many, but bright ones.

What the Railroads Want

THE railroads, conscious that their critics are soon to come into political power, are preparing for the greatest publicity battle of their history. Influential persons are being luncheoned and dined, confidential letters are being sent to editors and politicians, a gigantic "research" organization has been founded, related interests, such as the equipment companies, are urged to "get into the game" and to instruct their salesmen as to what should be said as they travel about the country. It is planned to drive a wedge between labor and the farmers, and to hold off attacks until the roads have time to entrench themselves in a secure position.

The outlines of the campaign are already vaguely defined. The financial sins of the railroads are irretrievable ancient history and should be forgotten, now that they intend to be good. The marked deficiencies of the past three years, both in service and earnings, are the result partly of a

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long period of restrictive legislation, partly of government control, partly of unruly labor. These years, therefore, must be discounted. The roads wish to be judged by their record from January 1, 1923. They hope to make this record good because prosperity is here, labor is "deflated," present rates are beginning to seem more reasonable, traffic is heavy, and net incomes are growing. They realize that in order to meet the demands of traffic they must have greatly increased facilities, but they are showing good faith by ordering these in large quantities. Prosperity will enable them to pay. If the public wants efficient transportation, the public must cease knocking and boost. Give the railroads a chance!

Aside from the misleading historical assumptions, it is an appealing program, but its success in the long run will depend not so much on publicity as on the underlying performance. In order to succeed in it, the roads must within a comparatively short time accomplish two large results —earn a "fair return" on their capitalization, and give adequate service. These objectives involve serious complications. A "fair return" means enough to pay fixed charges on what in many cases is inflated value, leaving enough over to attract investors, in a competitive market, to new capital issues which will be necessary to enlarge the facilities. This means keeping rates sufficiently high, labor cost sufficiently low, and traffic sufficiently moved, to do far better than in recent history. To give adequate service means much new building, orders for equipment to make up the accumulated shortage of a decade, and the accompanying capital issues which will in turn add to the fixed charges and necessitate a higher return. In the midst of these dilemmas, will the railroads be able to live up to their optimistic promises?

Let us look first into the question of return. The Interstate Commerce Commission, under the Transportation Act, has fixed the aggregate "fair return" as 5¾ percent on a valuation of $18,900,000,000 as of December 31, 1919, plus subsequent additions to property. If we assume that such additions bring the total to $19,400,000,000 at the beginning of 1923—the figure used by the Commission—the net return would have to be $1,116,000,000. The net operation income in 1922 was only $777,000,000, of which $669,000,000 were consumed in fixed charges. An increase of about 50 percent in net income this year over last is therefore obviously necessary in order to reach the 5¾ percent.

Traffic last year was nearly up to the high 1920 volume, and for certain periods was above it. Rates were kept at as high a level as possible, and wages were reduced as low as possible. But, the railroads point out, they were handicapped by the coal strike and by the costly shop strike, and traffic is increasing and will surely be larger this year than last. All true. Let us admit then, that *if* rates are not reduced, and *if* wages are not increased, and *if* there are no outside labor troubles, and *if* the effects of the shop strike disappear, and *if* enough more traffic can be handled without unduly increasing fixed charges, the roads may, in the aggregate, stretch up and catch that 5¾ percent at the very peak of the high wave of prosperity. We shall not peer too curiously into what would happen if a depression should follow.

These *ifs* loom large. Farmers are not sharing in prosperity to the same extent as industry and are still clamoring for lower rates. There is a widespread demand for labor, accompanied by a rising wage trend which is already being registered on the railroads, not to mention the resistance which labor is sure to offer sooner or later to the injustice of the low wages now being paid. If the roads arbitrarily keep down the wages of their shop and maintenance forces they will lose men to other industries and will not be able to handle the traffic. On numerous systems the shop strike is still effective on account of the obduracy of the managements, and most of these roads are turning in net incomes far below the corresponding months of 1922; in some important cases the income has actually become a deficit. These roads are likely to run into the heaviest traffic demands of history with broken-down equipment, a severe shortage of skilled labor, and nobody to do their repairs for them except the detective agencies on which they have lavished so much money and confidence. To handle their traffic the roads have already promised to spend over a billion dollars on new facilities this year—which will add many millions to their fixed charges so far as the orders are not for mere replacement. The financial outlook, while it is the best for many years, is not unclouded after all. And it must be remembered that these figures deal only with aggregates. Some roads whose service is essential to the public are so deep in the mire that any conceivable improvement of the average return for the country would not solve their problems, even though the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission to use in their behalf the surplus of the more profitable roads is fully exercised.

How about service? We started the year with an average daily car shortage which sometimes fell as low as 50,000, but since has risen, with heavier traffic to 75,000. Motive power is also lacking, and an abnormally large percentage of locomotives require repair. The seasonal peak of traffic does not arrive until October; meanwhile general business shows every sign of continued expansion. There are three possible avenues to better service: more equipment, better repair of equipment, better use of equipment. Each of these is receiving the attention of the roads. In 1922 the roads ordered and put in service almost half as much equipment as their 1923 program calls for, yet so many cars and locomotives had to be retired that at the end

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of the year there were fewer cars and locomotives on the lines than at the beginning. On account of the heavy traffic and the shop strike, there are now many more cars and locomotives which will have to be scrapped than there were last year. It is true that the capacity of the new equipment averages larger than that which is replaced, but at least half the billion dollars appropriated for facilities will probably have to be devoted merely to replacements. The remainder will not come anywhere near supplying the shortage. There is now about 60 percent more freight business than ten years ago, and the roads have with which to handle it about 23 percent more car capacity and 41 percent more locomotive power. To make up this deficiency in a single year, or in two years or three, would be beyond the manufacturing capacity of the country, and would cost so much as to eat up any surplus earnings for a long while to come.

In repair work, some roads which have settled the strike are making rapid gains, notably the Baltimore and Ohio, but most of the others are either losing or are holding their own with great difficulty and cost. Present labor conditions will aggravate this problem rather than the reverse, as will heavier traffic. The time and energy lost in the shops through the attempts of the managements to destroy the unions in the past two years may prove to have created a handicap that cannot be overcome at least as long as prosperity lasts.

Various means of improving the utilization of existing equipment have been recommended to the roads and the public by the American Railway Association. It is doubtful, however, whether under existing arrangements previous performances in this respect can be much bettered. The goal which has been set is an average load of 30 tons per car, and an average haul of 30 miles per car per day. Only twice in history has the tonnage goal been attained. Once was in 1918, when, under the superior efficiency of federal operation, it was reached in July and August, and approximated during the rest of the year. The other was at the very peak of traffic in 1920, when emergency car-pooling measures were applied. The 30 car-miles per day has never been attained.

In the matter of service, therefore, the railroads are certain to fall short of meeting the demands of commerce. The nearer they come to meeting these demands, the more it will enlarge the necessary "fair return."

The probable failure of roads to achieve any prompt solution of their financial and operating difficulties does not prove that government ownership or operation would furnish a prompt cure. The same difficulties would have to be faced under any form of control. It does show, however, that two drastic fundamental reforms must be undertaken.

The first is the scaling down of capitalization and the acquisition of new capital at low rates. Government ownership could accomplish this. Private ownership may accomplish it in some instances through bankruptcies and reorganizations, but the path towards it for private owners is so thorny and slow that it is not likely to be achieved in time.

The second implies even more. The roads must be so managed, both in detail and as a national sytem, as to eliminate large-scale economic waste, cut down unnecessary traffic, inspire the employees with the spirit of cooperation and efficiency, and make the best possible utilization both of men and plant. In such matters many railroad executives are pursuing a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy. They seem to have been marching precisely in the wrong direction, in spite of the fact that good advice and examples are before them. Mr. Daniel Willard of the Baltimore and Ohio is beginning to work marvels in reducing labor cost by stimulating the organized good will of employees, yet many prominent executives persist in fighting and squeezing labor. The Security Owners' Association points out the great savings possible by pooling of car supply and repair, yet the executives scorn the suggestion. They oppose, in the interest of the more powerful and profitable companies, the regional consolidation so necessary for the weaker ones, so essential to proper traffic routing. They oppose unified terminals. They oppose the broad plans of the New York port authority. Nothing that demands a larger vision seems to be intelligible to them. There is apparently something about private ownership that brings to the top strong-willed, particularistic, individualistic men who would rather fight some one else for a dollar than produce it by service.

Possibly the private managements could do all that the government could and would do in such matters. Possibly. But, with a few exceptions such as Mr. Willard, they are more adept in organizing publicity, fighting for the open shop, opposing regulation and boosting "private enterprise." Individualistic to the last, they bravely fly their colors, but such colors will surely go down.

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Labor and the Courts

THERE has probably never been a time in the history of the American labor movement when the attention of Labor and its friends has been so intensely focused on the courts. The most acute tactician in our trade union movement but recently faced a jury of Michigan farmers, charged with a political crime for which he is even yet under indictment. The lives of Sacco and Vanzetti have been declared forfeit, while strikes and rumors of strikes to "force their discharge" keep thousands of New England workers in an excited state of mind. Tom Mooney still lies in a California prison, long after the case against him has been thoroughly discredited. Pleas for the "political prisoners" continue to be made by distinguished lawyers, by Senators and by churchmen; the general interest in their case (on the part of their enemies as well as their friends) still grows. And meanwhile the western courts, acting under war-time laws, continue to add to the number of these prisoners.

Cases in Point

The astonishing Daugherty injunction against continuance of the railroad shop crafts strike—continuance by "oral persuasion or communication, or through interviews published in the newspapers"!—is still undissolved; in fact, the Attorney-General seems determined to make the injunction perpetual. A West Virginian federal judge but recently enjoined the unionization—by means however peaceful—of a strategic coal field in that state. The roar of protest against the Supreme Court decisions, emasculating the Clayton Act and invalidating the Child Labor law had not yet died out when the Minimum Wage decision was handed down. Denunciation of the majority's holding and reasoning in that far-reaching pronouncement reaches almost unprecedented vigor and depth of feeling.

Though the ranks of Labor may be split into factions over almost every other question, from communism to industrial unionism, on one matter they are unanimous. Labor has a thoroughgoing distrust and suspicion of the courts. The language of the report of the Industrial Relations Commission in 1915, sweeping as it is, is too weak to cover the situation today. A speaker from the left wing of Labor, addressing a meeting of alien workers in Boston (and ironically enough, in Faneuil Hall) brought the crowd to their feet in the wildest demonstration of the meeting when he characterized the courts as the "machinery that grinds out the mangled bones of its working class victims." At the other extreme is the conservative Mr. Gompers, who exclaimed to the Lockwood Committee, "God save Labor from the courts!" and whose denunciation of the Daugherty injunction and the recent Supreme Court pronouncements showed a thorough disillusionment and distrust of the impartiality of the judiciary. Mr. John P. Frey, one of the most cautious of the "business' unionists," vigorously attacks the courts' administration of equity jurisdiction with reference to trade disputes, in a recently published book. And this same feeling is prevalent among many of the liberals and radicals who are to be found on the side of Labor. Senator La Follette, for example, roused the last A. F. of L. convention to enthusiasm by his denunciation of the courts' attitude toward Labor cases.

It is difficult to imagine a condition more dangerous to the development of democratic government—and especially one under a written Constitution—than that a large proportion of the producing class should feel a complete lack of confidence in the only orderly means of redress provided by our system. A moment's reflection on the significance of such a state of affairs will demonstrate how fundamental it is. The rise of trustworthy courts in England put an end to the settling of private controversies by recourse to force of arms. The application of this analogy to the conflict of interests between classes in our own day, is a rather obvious one. The presence of a court, enjoying the confidence of people generally is really all that lies between social adjustment and social disorder. "The aspirations of the people," Mr. Justice Brandeis has aptly said, "must have adequate legal expression. Otherwise we shall have a revolt."

Whether Labor is justified in this universal feeling is a question requiring for its answer a thorough study of the legal and economic issues involved. But the answer is not nearly so important as the fact that Labor is convinced of the bias of the courts, and that this conviction arouses deep and powerful feeling.

Tying Labor's Hands

What is the result if the charges made by Labor are true? As I have suggested above, it means death to the avowed ideal of a democratic state, and causes the very foundations of our comparatively peaceful life to become insecure. On the labor movement itself such a condition has a tremendous effect, but one which few labor leaders recognize or admit: *the courts can substantially block and hinder the normal and natural progress of Labor on the industrial field.* We are not speaking now, of course, of a sudden and radical increase in working-class power. We are referring to that improvement in conditions and acquisition of control by the workers which the conservative delights to call "evolution" as distinguished from "revolution." Most leaders of Labor ignore or minimize

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this fact far beyond its deep importance. "Injunctions won't mine coal or run the trains," they say, and dismissing the problem of the courts turn to perfecting their industrial armament.

What British History Proves

Such a view is unsound and superficial, in face of the actual facts. The history of British Labor for the past one hundred years is meaningless if it does not include the constant effort of the courts, aided by ingenious lawyers for the employers, to block the advance of Labor. In 1825 English workingmen for the first time achieved the right to combine for certain trade purposes, conduct which before this time was specifically criminal. But the passage of the Act of 1825, depriving the courts of one way by which to impede Labor, was replaced as a weapon by the doctrine of criminal conspiracy, which the courts applied to unions for fifty years with devastating effect. Men could be indicted for merely writing to their employers that a strike would take place, as in the case of some Lancashire miners, or be sentenced to imprisonment for leaving their work unfinished, as in the case of seventeen tanners at Bermondsey—a shrewd repression by the courts, which under cover of a specious doctrine held back the English movement incalculably. In 1875 Labor secured the passage of the Conspiracy Act, which put an end to this doctrine of criminal conspiracy, as used against trade unions, and Labor felt that now it could work out its salvation without undue interference by the courts.

But this hope proved to be unfounded; the courts fashioned a new weapon. Officers of unions were sued under a doctrine of civil conspiracy, for damages caused by trade union activity, and for twenty-five years the reports are full of cases of this sort, where acts, normally in no sense illegal, were, if done by members of a union, held actionable. Thus, it was held to be a legal wrong for which damages could be recovered by the employer, "for a couple of men to wait in the street, in a town many miles distant, for the purpose of quite peacefully persuading a workman not to enter into a contract of service." It was not until 1906 that British Labor was freed (by the Trade Disputes Act) of the menace of this amazing doctrine. And finally, the famous Osborne Judgment of the Law Lords in 1909, which at one stroke prohibited all the educational and political activity of British trade unions, illustrates dramatically to what desperate lengths the courts were willing to go to stem the rising tide of Labor's political power. Though the Osborne case has been remedied by legislation, the doctrine has never been overruled, and may yet be used by the bench, if occasion serves.

In the United States, the whole course of Labor development has been no less affected by the courts than in England. The unfortunate fate of labor legislation at the hands of the Supreme Court is well known: on two occasions the federal court has killed Child Labor laws; the case of Lockner vs. New York, declaring unconstitutional an eight-hour law for bakers, has never been overruled, and similar results have been reached in numerous state supreme courts; the decision in Truax vs. Corrigan made impossible any remedy by state legislation for the abuse of injunctive relief in trade disputes; a series of recent decisions has stamped the life out of the Clayton Act (the result of twenty-four years of agitation!), heralded as the "industrial Magna Carta upon which the working people will rear their structure of industrial freedom."

Those who insist that the injunction of a court will not get coal out of the mines or run the railroads are on safe ground, if they use language literally. But can there be any doubt that the "omnibus injunction" secured by Attorney-General Olney in 1895 really broke the Pullman strike, or that it delayed the development of amalgamation among railroad workers for almost twenty-five years? What was it but the injunction of Judge A. B. Anderson that caused coal to be mined in November 1919 (though a strike had been called by the union), costing the United Mine Workers a highly strategic position and an opportunity to fight a decisive strike? Can there be the slightest doubt that the decrees of the West Virginian judges, both in the state and federal courts (reinforced by the approval of the Supreme Court in the Hitchman Coal case) have been the most difficult barrier in the long and bitter struggle to unionize that important field?

What Is the Way Out?

There are numberless instances where Labor has been forced to mark time for years, despite the most powerful industrial organization, because their opponents have the courts on their side. It is of the utmost importance that all those who believe that, on the whole, the balance of the public welfare is to be found on the side of Labor realize thoroughly the importance of the courts' attitude toward Labor development and activities. I would be in great error were I to assert that Labor makes no advance in the face of an unfavorable standing in court; of course that is not true. But that that progress will continue to be painfully slow, tragically slow when compared with Labor's capacity to move forward, seems to me indisputable and enormously important.

Assuming that the charges of Labor as to the unfairness of the courts are on the whole true, what is the way out?

The commonly used method of remedying Labor's sorry position in the courts is by legislation. The story of English Labor is the finest illustration of this method; it has been a part of the A. F. of L. program for years; it has been incorporated in the platform of every Labor polit-

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ical party we have ever had in this country, and has been a bait for Labor votes held out by the traditional parties.

All such legislative activity is important, and should not be undervalued. By statutes overruling adverse doctrines of the courts, British Labor has been able to recover from the stinging blows received at the hands of the bench, and has now reached a place of enormous power.

The Limits on Reform

But it must be recognized (though it rarely is) that legislative reform in this field has distinct limitations; the question, in the last analysis, narrows down to the personal equation of the judge on the bench. If he is hostile to Labor, even the most air-tight legislation will not prevent his wriggling through to a result which accords with his own views. And note that this does not necessarily—if ever—involve sinister motives, or even a consciousness of his bias. A judge, inevitably, takes with him to the bench the same slant at economic and social questions which he had as a member of the bar. If, for example, he has been retained for thirty years as the attorney for a railroad corporation, he is an extraordinary man indeed if he is able to slough off entirely a tenderness for the property interests of such a corporation, as opposed to the human and personal rights of its employees when he goes on the bench. If his early years were spent in an individualistic community—any small city or town in the seventies or eighties for instance—it will be difficult for him to have an intelligent understanding of collectivist ideas or the problems of present-day industrial centres. That there are brilliant exceptions to the rule is a tribute to the extraordinary qualities of a few judges; it leaves unshaken the general proposition.

The situation confronting the lawyer for the union is nowhere better expressed than by William P. Roberts, Esq., counsel for several English unions in the middle of the last century. In writing to the Glass Workers' Society Journal, after explaining the state of the law he says, "There are indeed men on the bench who are honest enough, but all their tendencies and circumstances are against you. They listen to your opponents, not only often but cheerfully—so they know more fully the case against you than in your favor. To you they listen too—but in a sort of temper: 'Prisoner at the Bar, you are entitled to make any statement you see fit, and the Court is bound to hear you; but mind, whatever you say,' etc. Then there is the knowledge of your overwhelming power when acting unitedly, and this begets naturally a corresponding desire to resist you at all hazards. And there are hundreds of other considerations all acting in the same way—meetings, political councils, intermarriages, hopes from wills, etc. I do not say that all occupants of the bench are thus influenced, but it certainly is at the best an uphill game to contend in favor of a working man in a question which admits of any doubt against him." This language, though used seventy-two years ago, would have to be changed not at all if Mr. Roberts were arguing a Labor case in any one of a large number of our courts today.

In the last analysis, whether the present organization of society will be able peacefully to proceed to a decent adjustment of the social conflicts of our time, depends largely upon the stature of the judiciary. We need great judges—men who can discern the *social* principles involved in the legal problem before them. Before the bar of such judges Labor can be assured just treatment, since it is Labor's social importance that the courts have most flagrantly ignored. Such judges there have always been, and there are rich chapters in the law which remain as a memorial to their wisdom. But the law, being one of the great conservators, moves very slowly; other social scientists have long since cast off the extreme individualism of a simple society, yet the "individualist conception of justice" has persisted in the training and in the judgments of many judges in our complex industrial society. Many of the defects in the law which cause such complaint from Labor can be traced to a reluctance by judges to cast off early nineteenth century ideals—the exaggerated importance of property, and a disregard of industrial and economic facts in face of preconceived legal doctrines. Labor can hope for little from judges with the social blindness of the Supreme Court justice who solemnly declared that a contract between individuals as to wages "is necessarily harmless, of purely and exclusively private concern, and cannot affect anyone except the parties"; or the West Virginian justice who declared a statute, outlawing the company store evil in the mining camps, unconstitutional, saying (entirely in conformity with abstract legal doctrine, but utterly at variance with well known facts!) that the remedy for the evil "is in the hands of the employees, since they need not buy from the employer."

Wanted: Socially-Minded Judges

How long the progress of Labor on the industrial field will continue to be held up by the failure of the bench to see the place of Labor activity in the working out of our new society is a subject upon which one can only speculate. But it seems that in large measure it depends on the character of the bench. To a critical mind, the prospects are not cheering. To an optimist, there are indications that within a generation the bench will be at least strongly flavored with the type of socially-minded, creative judge I have spoken of. The names of such judges as Holmes, Brandeis, Baker, Alschuler, George W. Anderson and Cardozo suggest themselves.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL.

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Suppose Nobody Cared

SAN FRANCISCO is the most recent victim of the Community Chest idea. Like everything else Californian even this victimization was accomplished on a prodigious scale. Not only has the city of San Francisco raised the enormous sum of $2,037,206 originally asked for the support of the ninety participating social agencies, but its generous citizens have with typical prodigality over-subscribed that amount by more than $200,000. Without doubt the San Francisco Chest is a financial success.

Splendid organization was responsible for the result. Daily the volunteer army of "Colonels," "Majors," "Captains" and "Lieutenants" took luncheon together at one of the city's large hotels where their spirit of sportsmanship was encouraged in various ways. Holding up a "Prospect Card" the chairman would address the workers in this manner: "Here's the card of a coal-yard owner. He pledges his own quota but refuses to have his employees solicited. When we sent a second worker around to see him about this he doubled his first subscription but still refused to have his employees solicited. Who will volunteer to see him and make him do the right thing?"

A great point was made of securing subscriptions from all the employees of certain firms. In announcing such "hundred percent donations" the chairman smilingly said that "persuasion was used in every case but compulsion in none." Yet in at least one large firm an employee who had planned a contribution of ten dollars reduced it bitterly to three when the solicitor announced: "You fellows here have to give three dollars each." Every patrolman in the city was assessed six dollars, and police captains were compelled to give fifteen. One of the "hundred percent firms" was the Woolworth Store. The clerks in this establishment can scarcely be in position to indulge their eleemosynary fancies. In some such hundred percent establishments arrangements were thoughtfully made by the management for the deduction of the employees' pledges from the payroll—an up-to-date application of the principle of taxation at the source.

The campaign was sentimental from beginning to end. Throughout the city bill-boards with maudlin pictures of the pauper's death-bed caused the hearts of all good citizens to throb with purse-invading pity. Accompanying these posters were verses "written especially for the Community Chest." At a preliminary luncheon there was presented a masque setting forth the evils of poverty and the blessedness of charity. The sick, the hungry, the halt and the blind were all portrayed. The generous rich were flatteringly mimed. No needle-threading camels they! And at the end, with a truly magnificent choral Te Deum stirring the emotional depths of the audience, there appeared resplendent in the up-stage heaven, not an angel nor a rainbow, but, like Little Eva, transcendent in the calcium a gilded box, a Golden Chest, at sight of which strong men are seen to blink and swallow hard, and women steeled by years of social work shed heartfelt tears! Salt waters bear rich argosies upon their flood. In San Francisco, as in other large cities, the campaign slogan to which their faith was pinned was the three magic words, "Suppose Nobody Cared."

Compounded of compulsion and sentimentality, financial success was assured. The results which followed this initial triumph are interesting.

As advertised to the social agencies of a city like San Francisco the chief advantages of a common fund are these: financial security for each and every agency; increased financial resources through reduction in overhead and efficiency of administration; diminution in public irritation by confining solicitation of funds to one week instead of to fifty-two each year; systematic and scientific development of social work in accordance with the needs of the whole community; maintenance of uniform and high professional standards by the social worker; prevention of needless overlapping of the work of two or more agencies. To such results as these no enlightened social worker will take exception; yet, not only in San Francisco but in a large proportion of our Chest cities, the idea of federation was accepted by social agencies with apprehension. One may well inquire why.

In the first place, financial security is by no means certain. In San Francisco, with an oversubscribed campaign just finished, one of the smaller agencies is already threatened with extinction through economic starvation. Financial security, moreover, is no great inducement to agencies which are already financially secure. For them, entrance into the Chest means only a risk. The richest of the San Francisco organizations, in fact, refused point blank to participate in the campaign until it was guaranteed a fixed sum—something in excess of its previous annual income—as its minimum apportionment. An agency powerful enough to assert itself in such fashion can, if so minded, dominate the lesser organizations within the Chest. Moreover, experience has shown that centralized administration does not always lessen the overhead of money-raising; and, even when it does, the financial resources of participating agencies are not necessarily increased. Nor is the public successfully insured against appeals for funds after the Chest campaign is concluded. Within a month of the San Francisco drive the Knights of Columbus in that city staged a big charity ball; and the policemen of the same

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community, whose Chest quota had been six dollars, gave a benefit concert for their own widows-and-orphans fund.

Instead of developing social work systematically and scientifically Community Chests' Committees have been for the most part indifferent to or incapable of such development, if not actively hostile to it; and the social worker, under necessity to give no offence to those non-professional few by whom the appropriations are controlled, or to those from whom the large contributions come, finds his professional standards endangered.

Such points, however, are minutiae. The big results of a successful Chest are two: It shifts the burden of financing social work from the wealthy who can best afford it to the many who cannot; it gives absolute control of social agencies into the hands of those who least approve them. The sums raised by the quota and the hundred per cent methods from department store clerks, coal-yard employees, street-car conductors, policemen, school teachers and others of humble means are, in the aggregate, tremendous. This huge fund represents the difference between the contributions of the well-to-do before and after the installation of the Chest. In the individual case the resultant economy may even mask itself as munificence. A man whose habitual contributions to ten organizations have averaged a thousand dollars apiece each year may make an impression of generosity with his pledge to the Chest of, say, seven thousand five hundred dollars though he is reducing his customary donation by the price of an automobile.

While the industrial and commercial leaders of the community are thus in position to relieve themselves of some of their former social obligations, they at the same time acquire as absolute a control over the social agencies of their city as their hearts could desire. It is no mere accident that in Des Moines, Iowa, for example, or in Kansas City, Kansas, the financing of the Chest is in the hands of a department of the local Chamber of Commerce; or that in San Francisco the general secretary and active head of the Chest was secretary of the Charities and Endorsements Committee of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce; or that in Minneapolis the former executive secretary of the Chest had held a like position in the Chamber of Commerce of that city.

An opinion privately uttered by the aforementioned active head of the San Francisco Chest is worth recording in this connection: "Too many social workers are radical, and all social workers are queer." It follows, of course, that control of these people is necessary—and easy. The means? A Budget and Distribution Committee. Organize as democratically as you think the agencies demand. Create, as at San Francisco, a Council of Social and Health Agencies. Appoint as many committees as are insisted upon. Play the game of democratic administration thoroughly. But for your Budget and Distribution Committee remember that men well versed in financial matters are essential. It is an old adage, and these gentlemen have long since learned it, that economic power precedes political power. It is they who scrutinize the agencies' budgets, saying yea and nay. It is they who apportion the fund among the agencies, permitting this activity and proscribing that. The Executive Committee may likewise be composed chiefly of magnates or the friends of magnates. Then the combined forces of these two key committees will be irresistible. In one city on the banks of the Mississippi an important agency under control of the Chest's Committee was told that no funds were forthcoming for the financing of its well established and thoroughly functioning department of publicity and education. Too much of vital concern to industry and commerce was being made public by that department.

"In several cities," according to an excellent booklet recently published by a committee of public-spirited citizens of Pittsburg, "representatives of important participating agencies complain that the Executive Committee of the Chest is rapidly becoming a super-governing body, determining the scope of the work of the agencies and increasingly exercising authority over them. . . . While in some cities the Chest is as yet a benevolent and only mildly autocratic trust, in others it is fast developing into a dominating and thoroughly autocratic body. This is particularly true in the large number of cities where the Chest is failing to raise the required amount. The acid test of its relationship to the participating agencies comes when the fund it raises is insufficient for the requirements." Then, as never before, can the financial control be used to dominate those social agencies whose activities displease the vested interests.

In such cities as New York or Boston where the Chest idea has found no realization, social agencies often enough find themselves hampered by their wealthy supporters. Such difficulties, however, are not insurmountable. They do not at any rate totally incapacitate the agency for constructive achievement. It is often possible to educate a conservative board of directors or a misinformed donor to complete endorsement of such "radical" and "queer" policies as may originate in the mind of the agency's executive. But in the case of the directors of a federated Chest the problem is not so easily handled. They, timid, socially-ignorant captains of industry, start up in fright at the least suggestion not in accord with their fixed ideas. Their most helpful social worker they eye with suspicion. Fortunate are the social agencies of those cities in which there is no Chest. In New York or Boston does any one for a moment suppose that Nobody Cares? Certainly not! In Chest cities of a few years' experience that supposition is fast becoming a reality.

S. Irving Rhys.

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Arriving with Joseph Conrad

SHE is a big ship, the Tuscania, as she rises above the Staten Island skyline. Too big to be a ship. A sea-going hotel, all iron and bell boys and landlike immobility. Except for the smell, one might just as well climb into the third story of an office building as go aboard her.

Joseph Conrad is on deck. He has never been in America before. He is a celebrity, a big man, a distinguished visitor—which is more important in the eyes of many of us than being a great artist, so we newspaper reporters go down the bay to meet him, some of us because he is a great artist, others because every celebrity who passes the Statue of Liberty must be made to talk.

In little sea-smelling corners near the Captain's citadel we wait to devour the celebrity. We are getting ready to ask him what he thinks of prohibition, if he first went to sea in Poland, if he likes Al Smith. Fortunately Christopher Morley is with us, and puts us in a more listening mood. "We'll just go a few at a time into the cabin and let him talk."

Over the rail can be seen the leaden, glistening harbor, criss-crossed with shrill whistles in every key, with quick-melting little puffs of steam, as if all the vessels were selling peanuts.

Here he comes now, surrounded by both those who would protect and those who would attack him. The figure of a visitor, not a seaman: black derby, white scarf, black overcoat. Proper costume for a floating hotel—the largest ship he has ever been on. An acknowledgment of the presence of land, the invasion of the sea by the land.

No one's protection is any good against photographers. They steal him from us, back him to a wall, shoot him with large, small and medium cameras, take stills and movies, take him from East and West, with his hat and without it.

It is the only completely human, experienced, readable face in the small crowd on the deck. It is a face of a myriad fine lines, quickly passing mobilities, shadowy expressions. At first it looks stern, aristocratic, self-sufficient, but under the stare of the cameramen what seemed stern becomes tragic, what seemed aristocratic, noble, and the self-sufficiency gives way entirely to a look, in the eyes, of generously helpless fortitude. It is cruel, that camera cannonade, but without it would we have seen flicker, across those seeing, brooding eyes, the shadows of past days?

Finally the boys whose business it is to make a dentist's chair of every liner's bridge let Mr. Conrad go, and he is ours. With the horrible example of the photographers before us we treat him with uncommon decency. We ask him not too much about Walt Whitman, about American literature. With the nicest smile in the world he tells us how little he knows: "My mind isn't critical. I haven't got enough general culture for criticism. A sea life doesn't fit one for that."

It is a strong low voice, modest and simple, with the natural double richness of a foreign mellowness and strangeness of pronounciation and a better command of English than have any of us. After a few awkward pauses when we by not asking him too much are trying to tell him how much we like him, he begins to talk, for moments, almost as if we weren't there.

"I really don't like writing," he says; "it is a frightful grind." We try to get him to talk about literature, about his novels. What he really wants to talk about is the sea, which has been all his life, about the "magic monotony of existence between sky and water," about ships on which he has sailed.

"I have a great feeling for the little Otago." That was his first command, and Captain Conrad —he remembers how proud he felt when the agent called him "Captain"—sailed her from Singapore to Australia.

"They had such good names, those ships. The Duke of Sutherland was the most prosaic one. Skimmer of the Seas, Otago, Adowa, Tremolino." He says that last name over thoughtfully, tenderly, forgetting all the people who have come to ask him questions, because that name calls up so much of the past. "Tremolino."

The Past. "It is frightfully misty now," he says. "But one doesn't forget twenty-seven years. All that gets merged into one solitary impression."

We stand on the bridge with him, curiously respectful, considering our trade. We let him sit in a corner, where he is just able to see, over the rail, the mass of lower New York. We ask for few autographs. We don't tell him much about the Statue of Liberty.

And Mr. Conrad moves up the bay, as if from the past into some strange future. A slate-blue haze blurs the skyscrapers rather than softens them. Mr. Conrad's eyes, those narrowed, seeing eyes, besieged by a thousand wrinkles from looking at the sea, find the prodigious crack in the skyline which is Broadway, and rest on it.

A ferry passes, all painted over with the romantic sea-faring words "Bureau of Plant and Structures." Captain Bone of the Tuscania knows the poetry of the sea: "Three times round went our gallant Plant and Structures," he quotes.

"Life on the sea is altogether different now," says Mr. Conrad. He does not enlarge upon this. But we see him looking wonderingly at the pilot, who is standing in ordinary street clothes by the telegraph much as if he were looking out through the plate glass of a shoe store.

Not a sail is to be seen in the harbor. Steam, iron, landlubbers have invaded the ocean. A seaman's life is no longer something mysterious and unlearnable.

The windows of the Woolworth tower become singly visible.

Oh for a wilderness of naked, shipless water. . . .

ROBERT LITTELL.

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The Irish Remember

IN a play of mine, The Canavans, two poor widows, being threatened by a newly-made official, cry out, "We are well able to revenge ourselves! Whatever may be done in this district, it's the telling of the story is with us." And this often comes to mind as I hear histories, even of great wars, told on the hillsides or on paths of the wide brown bogs. This memory of the people goes a long way back. "The time of the war" may mean the war in heaven, when "he that was the proudest of the angels and that is now the lowest of the angels" was cast out with his beaten army and "they that thought they should be higher than God were thrown down on earth among the grass and the thraneens," living among us still, each "the shadow of a soul" having yet the hope of Heaven. There is memory also of the wars of the heroes of mythical times in ancient Ireland, those that were something more than sons of men, that had friends and kindred among the gods. Such was that brave Cuchulain, and I was told by an old man in a hovel of that sad fight of his in which unwittingly he killed his own son, who had refused to give his name. And the young man as he lay dying reproached him and said, "Did you not see how I threw every spear fair and easy at you, and you threw your spear hard and wicked at me? And if I had told my name to any one in the whole world, I would soonest tell it to your pale face." Deirdre's beauty that was the cause of the war, "that brought the Sons of Usnach to their death," comes into many a tale I have been told and many a Gaelic ballad. But here in the West, Finn and his men are the fighters best held in memory. "They were very strong in those days and six or seven feet high. In every one of their houses there used to be a hundred and forty-one men. They had every one six or seven dogs, and first they would set two of the dogs to fight, and then they'd fight themselves. One time Finn and his men went over to Granagh to fight the men there, and it was the time of the harvest, and what they fought with was sheaves, and everyone that got a blow of a sheaf got his death." And I have often heard in the Gaelic that proud saying of Usheen about their armies, "The Fianna used not to be saying treachery; we never had the name of telling lies. By truth and the strength of our hands we came safe out of every battle."

In later, chronicled, times "the Danes came and took the country and conquered it," and we hear each St. Stephen's Day how the wren has been in disgrace these thousand years because it was a wren picking up crumbs from a drumhead that awoke the sleeping Danish sentinels just as the Irish were stealing upon them. But victory came later, and although "the Danes put a soldier to mind every house through the whole country, at last the people made up their mind on one night they would kill these soldiers. So they did as they said, and there wasn't one left, and that is why they light the wisps (on St. John's Eve) ever since. It was Brian Boru was the first to light them. The Generals of the Danes were beaten at Clontarf."

Then, in the next century, began the long, long war that we are hoping may now at last be at an end. "It was Dervorgilla, that was a red-haired woman, put the great curse on Ireland, bringing in the English through MacMurrough that she went to from O'Rourke. It was to Henry the Second MacMurrough went, and he sent Strongbow, and they stopped in Ireland ever since. As to Dervorgilla, she was not brought away by force, she went to MacMurrough herself. For there are men in the world that have a coaxing way and sometimes women are weak." (And that is the kindest word I have ever heard spoken of Dervorgilla.)

It was of little use to forbid the teaching of English history in the schools when it could be learned under every thatched roof. Queen Elizabeth has been one of the most hated names—"dancing now on red-hot flagstones with her father that died cursing her, Henry the Eighth." But we in the West hear more of Cromwell's war methods. "He cleared the road before him. If any great man stood against him he would pull down his castle. He never got more than two hours sleep, or three, or at the most four, but starting up, fearing his life would be peppered. There was a word he sounded out to the Catholics, 'to hell or Connacht,' and the reason he did that was that Connacht was burned bare, and he that thought to pass the winter there would get no lodging at all. Himself and his men travelled it, and they never met with anything that had human life put in it by God till they came to Breffny, and they saw smoke from a chimney, and they surrounded the house and went into it. And what they saw was a skeleton on the fire roasting, and the people of the house picking flesh off it with the bits of a book. And when they saw that they left them there."

Then came the Jacobite war, with its battles of the Boyne and of Aughrim; but "as to the Stuarts, there are no songs about them and no praises in the West, whatever there may be in the South. Why would there, and they running away and leaving the country the way they did? And what good did they ever do it? James the Second was a coward. Why didn't he go into the thick of the battle like the Prince of Orange? He stopped on a hill three miles away, and rode off to Dublin bringing the best of his troops with him. There

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was a lady walking in the street at Dublin when he got there, and he told her the battle was lost, and she said, 'Faith, you made good haste; you made no delay on the road.' So he said no more after that. The people liked James well enough before he ran. They didn't like him after that."

Other wars outside Ireland are told of. Many of our fighting men brought back news of other fields of battle that are spoken of around the turf fires; and so the Crimea has its place in tradition. "Stephen Rourke was in the war against the Russians, three nations against them, and they were the best of all. He'd frighten your heart talking of it. Where he was they had dykes dug, and to be waiting till the day came, and as many as sheep in a field you'd see the Russians firing." A poor woman told me, "My husband was in the war in the Crimea. It is terrible the hardships he went through, to be two months without going into a house, but under the snow in trenches. And no food to get, maybe a biscuit in the day. And there was enough food there, he said, to feed all Ireland, but bad management, they could not get it. Coffee they would be given, and they would be cutting a green bramble to strive to make a fire to boil it. The dead would be buried every morning; a big hole would be dug, and the bodies thrown in, and lime upon them; and some of the bodies would be living when they were buried. My husband used to try to revive them if he saw there was life in them, but other lads wouldn't care—just to put them down. And they were allowed to take nothing—money, gold watches, and the like, all thrown in the ground. Sure they did not care much about such things, they might be lying in the same place themselves tomorrow. But the soldiers would take the money sometimes and put it in their stocking and tie the stocking below the ankle and below the knee. But if the officer knew that they would be courtmartialled and punished. He got two medals, one from the English and one from the Emperor of Turkey. Fighting for the Queen, and bad pay she gave him. He never knew what was it for, unless it might be for diminishing the population."

At the time of the Boer war it was said, "The Boers must be of our religion or the English wouldn't be against them." And "they say it was the fault of the Queen beginning the war". . . "it was the Boer War killed her, she being aged and seeing all her men going out and able to do nothing, though ten to one they were against the Boers. That is what killed her." And "The Queen did nothing for Ireland in the bad years, but I'll give you the reason she had for that. She had it in her mind to keep Ireland low, it being the place she mostly got her soldiers. That might not be good for Ireland but it was good for her own benefit. The time the lads have not a bit to eat, that is the time they will go soldiering."

In the last, the great war, an old man said, "They say the Germans will be coming here. If they do come I suppose we must go on their side or it'll be the worse for us." But his old wife called out from the bed where she lay, "Ah, what about them? We have not two deaths. We have but the one death to die." And even while the war was going on I seemed to see how myth may creep into and blur the outlines. For a poor woman of rambling wits, who does not read and never seems to listen yet gathers in some cloudy fashion news of events that stir the country, would come to my door from time to time and tell in balanced phrases of the war's progress:

"The war is terrible; there is a whole lot of nations coming in there that they didn't know at all. But the English are very headstrong and they'll put them down yet.

"There's a priest going out there, a great man out and out. He says he'll go through them and he'll lose his life or he'll change them. He'll take the flag before them and the colors. That priest will hold up the cross before them and they'll all die like chickens.

"Terrible they are; there's not a ship going over or hither but they'll drown; it's in the paper the witness of it; they'll be drowned and swallowed down.

"They are going up in the air knocking down ships. This is the war that you never heard such a war in your life."

"The telling of the story will be with us." I sometimes wonder what shape our history of today will have taken upon the hillsides after another fifty years. Will England at last have fallen out of the saga? On what names will the praises rest or the blame? I think of a tale told to A. E. a score of years ago in some remote district. It was a woman who lay dying and whose two sons went out to stand on the road east and west to keep Death back from coming to the door. But when they returned to the house they found her dead, and each accused the other of having let Death pass him, and they struck at one another in anger and each killed the other. Was this wild story a foreshadowing, a symbol, of what is happening today? And if it is love of country that has led to present angers, must they not be in part forgiven? For now, as ever, all right is not on one or the other side, and why should those quarrel whose faces are set, as I think, towards the one city, to the attainment of Plato's dream? I think often of that vision seen by a mystic of two armies in a battle where many on each side were killed, and where after death he saw them go on striking at one another for a while, shadows as they were, till of a sudden, as if awaking, they threw down their swords and embraced one another, comrades now and friends. But please God our fighters will take one another's hands in friendship while they are still living in the light of the sun.

AUGUSTA GREGORY.

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A Judgment of the Tests

CONFRONTED with the question: What do the intelligence tests test? the cautious psychologist can only answer that they test what they test. But while this may be a sufficient foundation for the theorist, school authorities cannot be content with it. What they need to know is the practical value of the tests for purposes of diagnosis. They have to make at least a provisional estimate of the external and predictive significance of these internally standard devices.

Since the Binet scales are to be used in schools, Mr. Burt* adopts as his criterion for testing the tests, the judgments of the class teacher and the principal. "There is," he says, "no standard of comparison which can surpass or supersede the considered estimate of an observant teacher, working daily with the individual children over a period of several months or years." (p. 199)

He finds, and of course he is speaking of the London schools he has studied, that among normal children the average correlation between Binet mental ages and the teachers' estimates of intelligence tests disagree most radically for the very youngest children, and for the children who are over twelve years old. We noted last week that the tests also showed the greatest difference between rich and poor, girls and boys, at the two ends of the scale. The closest agreement between the teachers' estimates and the tests is in the middle, particularly at the ages of seven, eight and twelve.

The next question is whether these results impugn the teachers' judgments or the Binet scale. To throw light on this problem, Mr. Burt introduced a control experiment for the children from ten to thirteen years of age. The experiment consisted of a series of reasoning tests. For the ten year old child these tests are of the following sort:

> There are four roads here:
> I have come from the South and want to go to Melton.
> The road to the right leads somewhere else.
> Straight ahead it leads only to a farm.
> In which direction is Melton—North, South, East, or West?

For the thirteen year old child, the following test is a sample:

> A pound of meat should roast for half an hour.
> Two pounds of meat should roast for three quarters of an hour.
> Three pounds of meat should roast for an hour.
> Eight pounds of meat should roast for two hours and a quarter.
> Nine pounds of meat should roast for two hours and a half.
> From this can you discover a simple rule by which you can tell from the weight of a joint for how long it should roast?

These tests correlate more highly with the teachers' estimates than the Binet tests for the same years. They average .70 as against the Binet average of .51. This control experiment tends to vindicate the teachers' judgment, and so Mr. Burt concludes, that "the inaccuracy lies not with the teachers but with the tests. Hence, *with children in ordinary elementary schools, the Binet-Simon tests, as tests of intelligence, prove but moderately successful.*" (p. 200. Italics are Mr. Burt's.)

When it comes to testing defectives, Mr. Burt finds that the scale is more trustworthy, and that the teachers' estimates are less trustworthy. Apparently, the teacher finds it peculiarly hard to understand the manifestations of the different varieties of mental defect. The Binet-Simon scale should, therefore, prove helpful here, but its reliability varies at different ages. For defectives Mr. Burt finds the scale most reliable at the mental ages of five, six and seven, apparently because there are more tests arranged for these years. In the ages two to five, nine and ten, and at thirteen and above, the tests are least efficient with defectives.

Finally it may be interesting to let Mr. Burt sum up his own conclusions about the whole business. (p. 208)

> Numerous factors affect the measurement of a child's intelligence by means of the Binet-Simon scale. Sex influences it but little; social status rather more; educational, and particularly linguistic, attainments more profoundly than any other factor measurable with exactitude; while qualitative conditions, such as temperament and emotional attitude, affect it in a degree that is too variable to fix and too elusive to define. Among delinquents, indeed, paucity of educational attainments and peculiarities of emotional attitude will debase their performances and impoverish their replies to a degree that may be gravely deceptive; and unless duly discounted, may engender an unwarrantable suspicion that the bulk of them are mentally defective. . . .

Interrupting at this point, it should be stated that I have omitted from these articles Mr. Burt's profoundly illuminating discussion of mental defect. I may however cite one illustration to emphasize his warning against hasty assumption of mental defect among delinquents. At the New York Reformatory for Women, one examiner using the Binet scale reported that all the inmates were feeble-minded; other examiners, using case

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* Mental and Scholastic Tests. (London: P. S. King.) See preceding articles.

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histories and records obtained from teachers and attendants report that but 15 to 20 percent appear mentally deficient. (p. 190)

With this warning Mr. Burt proceeds:

> In diagnostic value the single tests differ vastly. Many are scholastic; most are linguistic; few yield a high correlation with intelligence. The numerous educational tests have an occasional value; the rarer tests of reasoning a permanent value; and some tests, such as suggestion, no value at all.† In discriminating the child of the special school (for abnormals) from the child of the ordinary school, the scale as a whole is tolerably successful; in grading the special school children amongst themselves it is almost as efficient; in grading the normal children among themselves it is less accurate than other tests which are now at hand; and in detecting supernormal ability it is altogether invalidated by the anomalies and the lacunae among the problems for the higher mental years. (p. 208)

This is, as Mr. Burt remarks, "but a faint and faltering recommendation for the Binet-Simon Scale." It will seem to many a peculiarly honest and penetrating recommendation, giving confidence because it claims so little and that so modestly, where all confidence had been destroyed by gigantic and boastful claims.

Apparently, even two years ago when Mr. Burt published his book, English confidence in testing had been badly shaken, as ours is now, because "the unwarranted claims advanced on its behalf by votaries in foreign quarters have among academic psychologists in this country become a commonplace and a byword." For the critical reader in America there is no book available, so far as I know, which so completely disposes of these unwarranted claims, while holding fast to the present practical value and even greater future promise of mental measuring.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

† Professor Terman omits this test.—W. L.

High Road

Love is the way that lovers never know
Who know the shortest way to find their love,
And never turn aside and never go
By vales beneath nor by the hills above,
But running straight to the familiar door
Break sudden in, and call their dear by name,
And have their wish and so wish nothing more
And neither know nor trouble how they came.

Love is the path that comes to this same ease
Over the summit of the westward hill,
And feels the rolling of the world and sees
The sun go down, and hears the summer still,
And dips and follows where the orchards fall,
And comes here late—or never comes at all.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

CORRESPONDENCE

In Defence of the Army

SIR: An editorial entitled Discrediting the Army, in your issue of April 18th, dealing with the difference between General A. A. Fries and Mr. Frederick J. Libby of the National Council for the Prevention of War, intrigues my interest.

I agree with you in your conception of what the military establishment of our nation shall consist of. I also agree with you in your opinion as to the attitude an army officer should maintain toward the civil population. It seems we both think that no officer of the army has a right to engage in a controversy with individuals or organizations in such a manner that his remarks might be construed as being representative of the opinion of the War Department, the army or even a group of fellow officers. There is nothing new in that. Every officer who has been in the Service for more than a day and a half is well informed on that score, I know, and I believe most civilians are also aware of it. Some civilians, Mr. Frederick J. Libby of the National Council for the Prevention of War for example, are so well aware of it that they attempt by means of representations to the Secretary of War to silence General Fries and others so that the public may be informed only of their own views on the subject of preparedness.

But I do not think that an army officer renounces all of the privileges of citizenship when he takes his oath and that he has no right, as an individual, to attempt to stem the tide of fallacious theories and manhandled facts being propagated by Mr. Libby and his male and female adherents.

I conceive it to be the duty of an army officer to point out the needs of the country in national defence and if he encounters a theory which is either deliberately or unintentionally false I conceive it to be his duty to point out the errors involved. That apparently is what General Fries was doing when Mr. Libby found him at it and insisted that he be silenced.

Newspapers and other periodicals by the score devoted much breath to broadcasting an array of figures supplied by Mr. Libby's organization which had been so juggled and were then so artfully presented that it appeared that 85.8 percent of the national taxes was being spent on national defence. At least, that is the impression which the average dazed taxpayer received when he was confronted with them. But, I saw very little space or time anywhere devoted to the fact that the Secretary of War, quoting as his authority the figures of the Bureau of the Budget, a source certainly as authoritative as Mr. Libby, proved conclusively that only 13.5 percent was being spent on purely national defence. A civilian friend, who read this statement from Mr. Weeks somewhere, said, "For God's sake, why doesn't the army do something to let the people know this?"

The notion that the regular army is an everpresent factor in our national life which seeks to embroil us in conflict is shopworn. I honestly believe that even the most backward of our citizens no longer believe that. Except for a purely temporary increase in ranks, I cannot think of any way by which an officer of the regular army can thrive by war and certainly the blows and buffets he receives in the period of peace and reorganization immediately following every war should take all taste for war based on temporary rank away from him. The thought of war is naturally abhorrent to the regular army because it bears its first shock and then takes a goodly portion of its succeeding blows. There is a way to world peace but it does not lie along the paths pointed out by people who, taking advantage of a natural revulsion to war, manoeuvre themselves into well-paying positions from which they dispense dangerous theories. World peace will be accomplished ultimately, not by discarding our self-protection but by educating the mass of the citizens of the world and then teaching them to think.

You call General Fries a pernicious busybody. I do not know General Fries personally and will not attempt to draw any comparisons between him and Mr. Libby. None could be drawn. The objects the two men are trying to attain are of a widely different character but I leave it to your second thought to decide which is the pernicious busybody.

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Echoing Reticences

The Poems of Alice Meynell (Complete Edition). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

MRS. MEYNELL has been called a poet of intellectual passion. It is a loose, attractive phrase; it carries a hint of paradox; it suggests, but it does not define, her peculiar genius. It is true that she belongs in some of her aspects with those whom Dr. Johnson termed the "metaphysical" poets, with Herbert, Vaughan and Crashaw, and that wry, colossal Dean of St. Paul's, John Donne. In a poem which she calls To the Body she says:

> Thou inmost, ultimate
> Council of judgment, palace of decrees,
> Where the high senses hold their spiritual state,
> Sued by earth's embassies,
> And sign, approve, accept, conceive, create.

Here there is the intellectual seriousness of the metaphysical school and the resultant angularity of diction. Elsewhere she has the passion and conscious mysticism, as well as the abstractions and tortured conceits, that are equally typical of that more rugged phase of the seventeenth century.

There are poets who are precocious in the number of things they have learned to do rather than those they have learned not to do, and there are others, more wise, who have acquired the art of abstention—the sparse line that haunts the memory, the verse that stops while it might yet go on. Mrs. Meynell, of course, is with the latter type, but there is a difference. We feel that she has needed to learn nothing; she might write four lines or a hundred lines and she would be always the same, delicately selective, fastidious rather than sparing, and disciplining her emotions without suppressing them. Those who knew her have testified abundantly that clarity of mood and expression was no laborious achievement with her; she possessed it by natural right through the long life in which she lived much and wrote little, and it is not entirely lost even under the perfunctory moralizing and obscurity of some of her later work.

Her earlier and finer poems are not marked by "intellectual passion," if by that phrase is meant a passion for purely intellectual concepts, a vivid emotional reaction to things which usually induce thought rather than feeling. Mrs. Meynell's impulses to song differ from those of other poets only in their restraint; it is merely her method of expression that is intellectual—prolonged metaphors and parallelisms, rare elusive relationships between disparate things. And so finely integrated is her personality that her emotions run like clear hill-water through these straight conduits of her mind.

Perhaps this is mere verbal quibbling. I take the easy refuge of quotation. To a Daisy is a sonnet which makes Wordsworth's high priestcraft of Nature seem smug and myopic:

> Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide
> Like all created things, secrets from me,
> And stand a barrier to eternity.
> And I, how can I praise thee well and wide
> From where I dwell—upon the hither side?
> Thou little veil for so great mystery,
> When shall I penetrate all things and thee,
> And then look back? For this I must abide,
> Till thou shalt grow and fold and be unfurled
> Literally between me and the world.
> Then I shall drink from in beneath a spring,
> And from a poet's side shall read his book.
> O daisy mine, what will it be to look
> From God's side even of such a simple thing?

For all its neatness, this is more emotional than conceptual. My distinction is perhaps more evident in two stanzas of a longer poem, To Any Poet, dealing also with the ultimate barrier which he who penetrates deep enough into Nature will find between him and the life of rock and tree. Again it is only death that can break this barrier.

> Silent labors of the rain
> Shall be near thee, reconciled:
> Little lives of leaves and grain,
> All things shy and wild,
> Tell thee secrets, quiet child.
> . . . . . .
> Then the truth all creatures tell,
> And His will Whom thou entreatest,
> Shall absorb thee; there shall dwell
> Silence, the completest
> Of thy poems, last and sweetest.

Here, as in many other poems of her earlier years, Mrs. Meynell borrows something from the sensuous verse forms and diction of the pre-Raphaelites, but the tricks that are meretricious in other hands are, with her, instruments of piercing loveliness.

With occasional chaste abandonments she writes of the tendernesses of love. All readers of anthologies know her Renouncement, that sonnet so loved by Rossetti, with its last exultant line, "I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart." She reveals her passion in rare glimpses while most poets stand naked on the housetops proclaiming themselves to all the world; and, strange to say, we who have grown callous to blatant emotionalism cannot read her love poems without feeling like eavesdroppers, half ashamed of ourselves for reading. It is her own Shepherdess who speaks in these early poems, and she dwells, like "the Lady Poverty,"

> . . . . in the stony fields, where clear
> Through the thin trees the skies appear,
> In delicate spare soil and fen
> And slender landscape and austere.

Thirty years ago Mrs. Meynell said that "perfect personal distinctness of experience would be in literature a delicate innocence," and she attained this distinctness by a complete sincerity in rejecting everything that was emotionally or mentally inexpensive. Her poems were as much a part of her as her life from day to day, less abundant but neither more nor less important than other manifestations of her personality. That instinctive innocence which gave to her poetry its echoing reticences, the "exquisite unclamorous qualities" that caught the ear of Francis Thompson, gave also the ponderous abstractions and involutions of some of her later work, and the didacticism of her "occasional" pieces. It was this also that plunged her so deep into religious mysticism.

But these we can forget. If she had left us only a fraction of this little volume, she would have written herself fully into her poetry, at one point or another, in a gesture of recognition, the clear tone of a single line, or one thought selected from all other thoughts. Like her "slender landscapes and austere," Alice Meynell's presence can be felt in a silence only half broken by the sound of words.

WILLIAM A. NORRIS.

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Art and Craft in Thomas Hardy

The Technique of Thomas Hardy, by Joseph Warren Beach. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

THE study of a special phase of a writer's work is apt to involve the implication that that phase has a primary importance in the writer's achievement. Professor Beach has walked warily and has in the main escaped the pitfalls along his path. His appreciation, for example, of the peasants in the Wessex Novels is beautifully accomplished; quite as satisfactory also are his studies of the scenic background of the novels. But the very nature of his theme has forced this critic to disregard that portion of Mr. Hardy's work which many good judges hold to be the most characteristic and most truly creative: the poems. Indeed, if one may read between the lines, Professor Beach seems to regard the poetry somewhat superciliously—an attitude probably due to the conservative academic prepossession in favor of the body of work whose fame has been long established. So long as he holds himself down to a consideration of the novelist's art and craft the poems could be safely set aside; but in his final chapter the theme of "Truth" leads him into a discussion of Hardy's philosophy; and such a discussion, ignoring the evidence of the poems, is valueless. Thus, he argues that Hardy entangles his characters in "a web of circumstances" to make an interesting plot rather than "to illustrate a theory of life." But various early poems show that the idea of "hap," "chance," "circumstance" has always been an essential part of Hardy's theory of life and that the excessive use of surprise and coincidence in the novels, though it owes much to the technique which Hardy inherited from certain earlier writers, carries with it a philosophic implication.

The development of Hardy's art is traced from the mere Collins-like ingenuity of Desperate Remedies through the introduction of irony in A Pair of Blue Eyes to a full realization of the value of setting in Far from the Madding Crowd. So far, however, he was possessed by the demon of plot and was willing to arouse interest by resorting to the devices of old-fashioned fiction and melodrama. He was, like Shakespeare, concerned primarily with the essential truths of humanity and was content to illustrate character by actions and episodes evolved from the traditional stuff of fiction. Nearly all this lumber he discarded in The Return of the Native. Professor Beach admirably appraises the structural excellences of this novel.

As an explanation of its perfect technique the critic hesitates between a happy accident and a thoroughly assimilated artistic creed. I am myself inclined to the former view. For Hardy is not a conscious innovator. The structure of his novels shows a clarification, generally a simplification of the Victorian technique; the lavish shapelessness of Dickens and Thackeray has been cut down and often moulded into symmetry; the novel is no longer an omnium gatherum of episodes, incidents, and observations. But in essentials the technique is still Victorian. One finds no such elaborate experiments as those of Henry James: the telling of a tale in strictly scenic form or from within the consciousness of one character only. Hardy chooses to disregard the multitudinous contrasting facets of actuality, an awareness of which makes a tale by Mr. Conrad a thing of a thousand profiles.

After The Return of the Native came a period of decline during which several insignificant stories were written. But I question the wisdom of including The Mayor of Casterbridge and The Woodlanders within this period of More Craft than Art.

The critic can of course pick both books to pieces, showing how incident is huddled on incident, how dialogue is abrupt and scampt and often sacrificed to a succinct paraphrase, how the skeins of motive are tangled, and so forth. And without difficulty he has pointed the contrast with some other novel that fully develops the implications in each chapter and exhaustively analyses character and (especially) motive. Yet when Professor Beach writes of "that feeling of the way, that jockeying for position, that long ghostly fencing-match of allusion, before the opposed parties come to a grapple, which gives its breathless interest to so many a dialogue of . . . Henry James," one is tempted to apply the pragmatic test to The Mayor of Casterbridge. For *it works!* With all its technical shortcomings it is interesting, moving and monumentally sound. With all their technical sleights-of-hand such books as The Awkward Age and What Maisie Knew are dull, nearly unreadable, and essentially frivolous. Too much may be made of mere technique; and if Mr. Lubbock's monograph on the Craft of Fiction and the James prefaces upon which that essay is based are to be accepted as doctrine necessary to salvation we shall be confronted with a set of a priori rules such as those which for so long put shackles on the drama.

The monograph is typical of American academic scholarship; it has the excellence of thoroughness and the defect of rigidity. I object to the critic's economic habit of clipping titles, often with the result of destroying their force and flavor: The Madding Crowd, for example, instead of *Far from* the Madding Crowd; or The Native instead of The *Return* of the Native. "High-brow" is an odious word to find in a piece of serious literary criticism. And only the exigent American demand for the spry and up-to-date could have persuaded Professor Beach to call his chapter on The Mayor of Casterbridge "Movie." The glamour of Wessex vanishes at the word.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

Henry Ford

My Life and Work, by Henry Ford, in collaboration with Samuel Crowther. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $3.50.

EVEN in his garden the man can organize production. He likes birds. Especially he likes wrens. They came to the farm at Dearborn in the spring. They liked the boxes hung for them in the branches of the cherry trees. But the sparrows drove them out. Once more the conquering race was asserting itself. But this time it failed to reckon with its host. Sparrows, it seems, like their nests immovable. Wrens like *theirs* to sway. "So we mounted a number of wren boxes on strips of spring steel," says Henry Ford. "The wrens liked the idea. The sparrows did not."

The sparrows didn't know what they were up against. Here was a man who has never trusted a cherry bough if a steel spring would do instead. Life has kept him busy, proving that wrens can hold their own with sparrows. Unlikely things can be made to happen. The wise men told him, thirty years ago, that a gas engine couldn't compete with steam, and that it was folly to think of hitch-

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ing one to a buggy. But he made a motor car; it shook like a tornado—and it provoked so much curiosity in the streets of Detroit, invited so many inquisitive people to try to run it, that its owner "had to chain it to a lamp post when he left it anywhere." But it was a motor car. And if it shook, it also ran.

Then they told him, once he was started in production, and talked of specializing on a single model, that it was madness to fly in the face of every law of business. Whether you are making motor cars or shoes or carpet sweepers, you must have a diversity of models to tempt the buying public. "If you make a single model," his salesmen told him, "you'll be out of business in six months." But Ford announced, one day in 1909, that he intended to build one car and only one. Chassis, motor, equipment would be standardized. As for color: "Any customer can have a car painted any color he wants so long as it is black." And with that suicidal policy he jumped his sales from six to eighteen thousand.

Successively they have told him that he could not cut his prices annually, that he could not pay a $5 wage to every workman in his factory, that he could not take a defunct railway whose roadbed was "something more than a streak of rust and something less than a track," and in less than two years turn it into a profitable venture. Henry Ford knows how to organize production. Even those who used to prophesy his downfall now admit that fact. It is the conventional attitude to acknowledge his genius as a production engineer. And to couple it with the assertion that once he leaves the four walls of his factory he becomes the world's great goose.

He has sometimes seemed to like the rôle. There was the frenzy of his crusade against the Jews. There were those great arid stretches in the panorama of his information, brought out in the Tribune suit. More than once he has claimed the bells and called the cap his own. But if this book is a sample of Henry Ford outside his workshop, then I, for one, am by no means ready to subscribe to the conventional appraisal of him as an industrial Dr. Jekyll and a social Mr. Hyde.

For there is an extraordinary amount of good thinking and original thinking in this book of his. I have skimmed rather lightly, as I suppose others may, that section entitled Things in General. It takes him airily through international trade and Jews and higher education and what starts people fighting. The body of the book is quite another matter. What electricity and modern machinery are doing for industry, where the machine age is headed, what we may expect by way of centralization or decentralization of our production centres—those are things that Ford discusses, and discusses ably. There are moments when he is as much the pioneer as he was that day when he made two snorting cylinders from a discarded steam-pipe and belted them to the rear wheels of a defenceless buckboard. The framework rattles. But it takes him up the street.

I suspect that one of the answers to the riddle that has set a good many people guessing—"What kind of a man is Henry Ford!"—lies in recognizing the fact that Ford hasn't put into practice the philosophy of the Brothers Barnabas: he hasn't lived to be three hundred years. His appetite for data is enormous. Of his own business he says that he "thinks of it by day and dreams of it by night." He is so thorough in his pursuit of facts that when he gets them they are his; but so thorough that he is still rummaging the corners of one floor in a world with many stories. Ford's own explanation is that "One idea at a time is about as much as any one can handle." If he's thorough, I suppose. Which is what led the Brothers Barnabas to conclude that able men stopped functioning about the time they should be born. Three-score-and-ten, though it might be long enough for a crude sort of village life, wasn't long enough for a complicated civilization like our own.

What three hundred years would do for Henry Ford, the oracles alone could tell. It is typical of him today, as a mere youth of fifty-nine, that his whole emphasis is on method and none of it on goal. Possibly there has never been another autobiography so completely consecrated to ways and means for their intrinsic merit. The stress is all on saving time, cutting cross-lots, utilizing scrap, economizing on inconsequentials. Wee man comes from the life process like a new Ford car dipped bodily in paint. He has traveled along the famous moving belt. His chassis has been assembled in forty-two time-saving operations. On the forty-third his tank is filled with gasoline. He is set to go. But where? "God's great open spaces" is as near as Henry comes, with mapping his itinerary.

And yet—let the man live three hundred years . . . . In 2223 A. D. he might give cards and spades to Pasteur and Confucius.

CHARLES MERZ.

Sickness and the State

Public Relief of Sickness, by Gerald Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

SOME three years ago, when the British miners were voting for or against a strike, Professor E. L. Collis had the inspiration to range the various coal fields in order of discontent (as shown by the ballot) and to compare the result with a list of the same fields placed in order of accident rate. The two lists tallied with a single exception: that of an area where there had been a recent strike and where the men were not ready for another struggle. Such a coincidence cannot be attributed to chance, and the explanation advanced by Professor Collis is altogether the most probable; namely that insecurity contributes directly to discontent.

Discontent is not in itself a bad thing, but the kind of discontent which derives its emotional stimulus from a chronic foreboding of disaster is the kind which drives nations into senseless militarism and classes into aimless and unfruitful strife. The political importance of disease depends as much upon this fact as upon the obvious economic loss which it occasions to the state, and which has of late been much emphasized by health officials in search of more adequate appropriations.

Public relief of sickness is thus of interest for other than purely humanitarian reasons. Mr. Morgan's book—interesting, well-balanced, and packed with information—deserves to be studied by every progressive citizen. The reader will find an orderly presentation of the subject, beginning with the present plight of the sick poor in America, passing on to the experience of certain European countries with their schemes of voluntary or compulsory "health insurance," and concluding with suggestions for the better handling of the problem in these United States.

We are concerned, of course, with that great majority of citizens who live on or about the poverty line. When the bread-winner falls sick the family is faced with two urgent needs: money and medical care. What are its

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chances in respect of each of these? Money may come from insurance or from charity. The Illinois Health Insurance Commission (1917) to which Mr. Morgan, and indeed all of us, are indebted for a very substantial piece of work, found that only 13.4 percent of sick wage-earners had received insurance payments, and that these only recovered 44.1 percent of their lost wages. Moreover, as might be expected, the poorest class of wage-earners was the least adequately protected by insurance.

There are several reasons for the small percentage of insured workers under our present arrangements for unaided voluntary insurance. Many cannot pass the strict tests usually required as to physical condition, age and occupation; others prefer to "run the risk" knowing that in any case their insurance benefits will be inadequate, while to those most in need of insurance, because poorest and most often sick, that safeguard is a luxury which they are unable to afford.

The chances of securing adequate medical aid are not much better, for medical aid can no longer be considered adequate unless the skill of the specialist and the delicate technique of many laboratories are available when necessary for diagnosis. In practice they are often necessary and by no means often available. The service of hospitals, of their out-patient departments and of dispensaries is not always fully manned (whence hurry and inefficiency) nor is it available at all in many country districts. Their financial dependency on voluntary contributions prevents development. Outside the large cities, and sometimes inside them too, beds are found vacant while patients who ought to be in them lie sick at home and unable to pay the price of admission. In the smaller towns of Illinois 53 percent of the available hospital beds were found untenanted.

In the United States during the last twenty years the rural death rate has not materially decreased while in the large cities a marked reduction has been effected. There can be little doubt that this is due to the relative inadequacy of facilities for medical diagnosis and treatment in rural areas.

Other countries have felt the pinch also. Denmark has tried a state-aided voluntary insurance; Germany and England compulsory "health insurance." Under each of these systems cash and medical benefits became available, in none of them has the standard of relief been adequate. Mr. Morgan shows the advisability on economic grounds of treating as separate problems the provision of cash relief by insurance and the provision of medical care. Sir Arthur Newsholme, while he was in this country proved conclusively the necessity of this same step from the point of view of public health administration. We may take it that legislation in America will not attempt to confound these two questions. For cash insurance both workers and employers must be made responsible. The pioneer work of Mr. Rowntree in York (England) has proved the possibility of largely reducing labor turnover by relieving the anxiety of the employees, and it is safe to assume that in spite of present difficulties American industry will eventually cooperate whole-heartedly in insurance legislation.

As a solution of the problem of medical relief Mr. Morgan advances the health centre. He is right. This institution is, thanks to the American Red Cross, of demonstrated value. Already European countries are taking notice of it. The British Ministry of Health has a report under consideration. The Belgian Red Cross, aided by the League of Red Cross Societies, and other international bodies, has established an important health centre as a demonstration. It is fully time that some state legislature took public notice of these facts—and indeed the New York State Assembly has had a Health Centre bill stranded among its legislative committees for the past two years. There is, of course, opposition. The taxpayer has to be convinced, the private practitioner has to be reconciled. But these difficulties will be overcome, and the Public Relief of Sickness is just the type of book which is needed to overcome them.

ROSSLYN EARP.

George Washington

George Washington, by William Roscoe Thayer. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

THIS volume has the right to be placed on the short shelf where we keep sane eulogies; we therefore bid it a hearty welcome. It will not, however, brighten the fame of the biographer of Cavour and John Hay. The book is loose-jointed. The style is never feeble but sometimes careless. Hamilton appears as a delegate from Pennsylvania in the Congress of '74 and Jefferson is introduced as of "high aristocratic stock." There are too many departures from the theme, not only to take casual flings at the Hessians as typical Germans, at Frederick the Great, at Count Bernstorff and the government that "allowed him to weave a menacing plot," at those who, never having read the Farewell Address, appealed in 1914 to Washington's warning against "entangling alliances," (these take but little space and give particular joy to the writer) but also to insert a long letter of Hamilton's on the nature of the French Revolution, to cite Jefferson's account of his trade of the state debts for the Capitol, to give a thrilling description of Fisher Ames's speech on the Jay Treaty instead of telling us of the Treaty itself, to spread before us a circumstantial account of the funeral of Washington. These and other excursions into contemporary excitements take us from the narrow way that leads to life for a one volume study of so great a figure as Washington.

Yet we are grateful for the book. Mr. Thayer announces his purpose to be the dispelling of the elusiveness of Washington, largely through a liberal use of his letters. Fifty times he skilfully lowers a bucket into Ford's collection of Washington's correspondence, and it never comes up empty. It is a genuine service to bring to public notice, for example, the extract from Washington's Journal as he "retires to meditate" after the ratification of the Constitution, or his circular to Pulaski on horse-stealing. But the book would do a still greater service should it introduce another, by having gathered these neglected pigments, to paint a fuller picture of "the permanent Washington, deferent, plain of speech, direct, yet slow in forming and expressing an opinion," the man who, "more than any other agency, made the world . . . conclude that the best President is the best kind of monarch." The new artist, however, must fix his eye more resolutely on the adamantine figure of whom Mr. Thayer so worshipfully writes: "That George Washington lived and achieved is the justification and hope of the United States."

A. W. VERNON.

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The Alien Verse-Form

Lyric Forms From France: Their History and Their Use, by Helen Louise Cohen. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE rondeau, ballade, villanelle, etc., are as important in modern English verse as they are in French. They have not preoccupied first-rate writers in either language for several hundred years. They are the province of students, of versifiers indifferent to the differentiating qualities of English, and of column-writers. Miss Cohen's anthology, a firm, polite denial of this fact, makes it perfectly clear.

Swinburne, her favored poet, might seem to be an exception, but is not. An artist with a certain banality of cadence but superb tone, he employed these forms to facilitate a deplorable over-production. As a matter of fact, the chief excellence of Charles d'Orleans and Villon and Arnaut Daniel is not ingenuity. They excel in the exact fusion of rhythm with feeling, in the kinetic image and static construction which reveal, respectively, the motion and result of thought. Ezra Pound's masterly Spirit of Romance, covering fields approximate to Miss Cohen's, is a study of artistic morality, and proves that such technical inventions as Arnaut's characterize a vigorous creator. But it is quite another matter to repeat his intricacies; and Arnaut's modern prototype would be Marianne Moore or E. E. Cummings.

These forms, furthermore, would not have developed in English, and belong there but as an exercise or historical exhibit. English is not supple; its genius is density, the antipathy of its words to each other, the exact metallic outlines. It does not flow of its own volition; and when forced to trickle too sweetly, is artificial and frivolous.

Miss Cohen's anthology has little merit as poetry, although it may contain what there was. Pound's sestinas are the best in English, and should not be omitted. Her historical notes are compact and sensible, although his volume must be preferred by the poet or serious critic.

G. W.

Contributors

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL, a member of the class of 1923 of the Harvard Law School, has had considerable experience as a manual worker in a variety of industrial plants, and is especially interested in the legal problems of the labor movement.

S. IRVING RHYS is the pseudonym of a resident of San Francisco who has had opportunity to observe the administering of the Community Chest there.

LADY GREGORY is a director of the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, Ireland, and a playwright. Among her plays are The Workhouse Ward, The Canavans, The Rising of the Moon, Hanrahan's Oath. She has published a considerable body of material on Irish folklore, including The Kiltartan History Book, The Kiltartan Wonder Book and The Kiltartan Poetry Book.

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ROSSLYN EARP, sometime assistant editor of the Lancet, associate editor of the International Journal of Public Health, and editor of Tubercle, a monthly journal for specialists in tuberculosis, is now medical director of Antioch College. During the war he received the Medaille de la Reconaissance for organizing venereal relief among the villages of the Marne and Meuse.

A. W. VERNON is professor of biography at Carleton College.

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